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GENERAL

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Mucedorus

1598

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Mucedorus

Date of Earliest Known Edition 1598

[*B.M. Press-mark, C.* 34, *b.* 34]

Other Editions issued in 1606 (?), 1610, 1613, 1615, 1619, 1629, 1634, 1639, 1668

Reproduced in Facsimile 1910

201621

GENERAL

[To Subscribers.—This postscript refers to the facsimile reprint of "King Edward III.," and should be inserted in that volume.—J. S. F.]

Second thoughts have induced me to give, as an extra slip for insertion in the facsimile of "King Edward III.," the following letter from Mr. Herbert, which I deliberately excluded from my introduction to that volume on account of its "hypercritical" praise of the fidelity with which that facsimile was reproduced. As, however, I religiously quote every point against the photographer and printer, it has seemed, on second thoughts, only right I should give all per contra.

"*Dear Mr. Farmer,*

"*The facsimiles of* King Edward *are most excellent. The only "criticism I have to offer, in fact, seems hypercritical. It is this: the original "is comparatively faintly printed, on yellowish paper; and so is distinctly less "easy to read than the firm black printing of the facsimile on a greyish ground. "Otherwise the original is reproduced with perfect fidelity.*

"*Yours truly,*

"*J. A. HERBERT.*"

"*British Museum,*

"*14th March, 1910.*"

Mucedorus

1598

This facsimile is a reproduction from the unique original copy of the earliest known edition of "Mucedorus," now in the British Museum (Press-mark, C. 34, b. 34). It formed part of the rare collection of Old English Drama bequeathed to the nation by Garrick, and at that time was included in a volume containing two other items—"Fair Em" and "The Merry Devil of Edmonton"—the three plays having been labelled by the royal binder to Charles II., to whom the volume originally belonged, "Shakespeare, Vol. I."

Round this ascription has centred much discussion and criticism, but to little definite result.

"Mucedorus" is not entered on the Stationers' Books. Possibly it was licensed independently by the Master of the Revels. It was frequently reprinted, having run to no less than ten editions in seventy years—a sure test of its popularity.

Mr. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, comparing this facsimile with the original, says the reproduction is "very well done"; some, indeed nearly all, pages being earmarked as "excellent facsimiles." Mr. Herbert, however, notes a few instances of a tendency to "print too heavily." This is a technicality which is now receiving full expert attention, and I hope in the next issue—"King Leir"—to revert to the matter.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A

Most pleasant Comedie of *Mucedorus* the kings sonne of *Valentia* and *Amadine* the Kings daughter of *Arragon*, with the merie conceites of *Mouse*.

Newly set foorth, as it hath bin *sundrie times plaide in the honorable Citie of London.*

Very delectable and full of mirth.

LONDON
Printed for *William Iones*, dwelling at Holborne conduit, at the signe of the Gunne.
1598.

Eight persons may easily play it.

The King and Rombelo. } { *for one.*

Mucedorus the prince of Valensia. } { *for one.*

Amadine the Kinges daughter of Arragon. } { *for one.*

Segasto a Noble man. } { *for one.*

Enuie: Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo a wilde man. } { *for one.*

Comedy, a boy, an ould woman, Ariena Amadines maide. } { *for one.*

Collen a Counseller, A messenger. } { *for one.*

Mouse the Clowne. } { *for one.*

A moſt pleaſant Co-
medie of *Mucedorus* the Kings ſonne of Valentia, and *Amadine*, the kings daughter of Arragon.

Enter Comedie ioyfull with a garland of baies on her head.

WHy ſo? thus doe I hope to pleaſe:
Muſicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable.
Comedie play thy part, and pleaſe,
Mak merry them that coms to ioy with thee:
Ioy then good gentilles, I hope to make you laugh,
Sound foorth *Bellonas* ſiluer tuned ſtrings.
Time fits vs well, the daie and place is ours.

Enter Enuie, his armes naked beſmeard with bloud

En. Nay ſtaie minion, there lies a block.
What al on mirth, Ile interrupt your taſe.
And mixe your muſicke with a tragick end.
Co. What monſtrous vgly hagge is this,
That dares comtrowle the pleaſures of our will?
Vaunt churliſh curre, beſmeard with gorie bloud,
That ſeemſt to check the bloſſoms of delight,
And ſtifle the ſound of ſweete *Bellonas* breath,

Bluſh, monſter bluſh, and poſt away with ſhame,
That ſeekeſt diſturbance of a goddeſſe deedes.
En. Poſt hence thy ſelfe, thou counterchecking trul,
I will poſſeſſe this habite ſpite of thee
And gaine the glorie of thy wiſhed porte,
Ile thunder muſicke ſhall appale the nimphes,
And make them ſheuer their clattering ſtrings:
Flying for ſuccour to their danes caues.

Sound drumes within and crie ſtab ſtab.

Hearken, thou ſhalt hear a noiſe
Shall fill the aire with a ſhrilling ſound,
And thunder muſicke to the gods aboue:
Mars ſhall himſelfe breathe downe
A peereleſſe crowne vpon braue enuies head,
And raiſe his chiuall with a laſting fame
In this braue muſicke *Enuie* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in there blood,
To ſpurne at armes: and legges quite ſhiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thouſand ſlaine,
How likſt thou this my trull, this ſport alone for mee?
Co. Vaunt bloodie curre, nurſt vp with tygers ſapp,
That ſo doſt ſeeke to quaile a womans minde,
Comedie is mild, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeekes to gaine the loue of all eſtates:
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with louely tales,
And bringeth things with treble ioy to paſſe,
Thou bloodie, Enuious, diſdainer of mens ioye,
Whoſe name is fraught with bloodie ſtratagemes,
Delights in nothing but in ſpoyle and death,
Where thou maiſt trample in their luke warme blood,
And graſpe their hearts within thy curſed pawes:

Yet

Yet vaile thy mind, reuenge thou not on mee,
A silly woman begs it at thy hands,
Giue me the leaue to vtter out my play,
Forbeare this place, I humblie craue thee hence,
And mixe not death amongst pleasing comedies,
That treats naught els but pleasure and delight.
If any sparke of humaine rests in thee,
Forbeare, be gon, tender the suite of mee.

En. Why so I wil, forbearance shall be such
As treble death shall crosse thee with despight,
And make thee mourne where most thou iolest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:
Whirling thy pleasures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methodes in a sea of bloud:
This will I doe, thus shall I beare with thee
And more to vex thee with a deeper spite,
I will with threates of bloud begin thy play:
Fauoring thee with enuie and with hate.

Co. Then vglie monster doe thy woorst,
I will defend them in despite of thee:
And thought thou think'st with tragick fumes
To braue my play vnto my deepe disgrace:
I force it not; I scorne what thou canst doe
Ile grace it so, thy selfe shall it confesse:
From tragick stuffe to be a pleasant comedie.

En. Why then *Comedie* send thy actors forth
And I will crosse the first steps of their tread:
Making them feare the verie dart of death.

Co. And Ile defend them mangre all thy spite
So vgly fiend, farewell, tell time shall serue,
That we may meete to parle for the best.

En. Content *Comedie*, ile goe spread my branch,
And scattered blossomes from mine enuious tree.

Shall

Exit. Shall proue to monsters, spoiling of their ioyes.

Enter Segasto runing and Amadine after him, being persued with a beare

Se. Oh fly Madam, fly or els we art but dead.

Ama. Help *Segasto* help, help swet *Segasto* or ele I die.

Segasto runnes away.

Alas madam, there is no way but flight,
Then hast and saue your selfe.

Ama. Why then I die, ah helpe me in distresse,

Enter Mucedorus like a shepheard with a sworde drawne and a beares head in his hande.

Mu. Stay Lady stay, and be no more dismaide,
That cruell beast most merceleſſe and fell,
Which haue bereaued thousands of their liues,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to find his praie,
Prolonging thus his life by others death;
His carcasse now lies headlesse void of breth.

Ama. That fowle deformed monster is he dead?

Mu. Assure your selfe thereof, behould his head:
Which if it please you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your maiestie.

Ama. Thankes worthy shepheard, thanks a thousand times
This gift assure thy selfe contents me more,
Then greatest bountie of a mighty prince:
Although he were the monarch of the world.

Mu.

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Mu. Most gracious goddesse, more then mortal wight,
Your heauenly hewe of right imports no lesse,
Most glad am I in that it was my chance,
To vndertake this enterprise in hand.
Which doth so greatly glad your princely minde.
Ama. No goddesse shepheard, but a mortall wight
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest:
My father heere is king of Arragon.
I *Amadine* his only daughter am:
And after him sole heire vnto the crowne.
Now where as it is my fathers will,
To mary me vnto *Segasto*,
On whose welth through fathers former vsury
Is knowen to be no lesse then woonderfull,
We both of custome oftentimes did vse,
Leauing the court to walke within the fieldes,
For recreation especially the spring,
In that it yelds greate store of rare delights:
And passing further then our wonted walkes,
Scarse were entred within these luckless woods,
But right before vs downe a steepe fall hil
A monstrous vgly beare did hie him fast,
To meete vs both, I faint to tell the rest,
Good shepherd, but suppose the gastly lookes,
The hiddious feares, the thousant hunderd woes,
Which at this instant *Amadine* susteind.
Mu. Yet worthy princes let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former loyes reuiue.
Ama. Beleeue me shepheard so it doth no lesse.
Mu. Long may they last vnto your hearts content.
But tell me Ladie what is become of him,
Segasto calld, what is become of him?
Ama. I knowe not I; that knowe the powers diuine,

But God graunt this that ſweet *Segaſto* liue.

Mu. Yet heard harted he in ſuch a caſe,
So cowardly to ſaue himſelfe by flight;
And leaue ſo braue a princeſſe to the ſpoyle:

Ama. Well ſhe hearde for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy ſelfe to ſet me free:
Vnrecompenſed ſure thou ſhalt not be,
In court thy courage ſhalbe plainely knowne:
Throughout the Kingdome will I ſpread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne.
Beare thou the head of this moſt monſtrous beaſt
In open ſight to euerie courtiers viewe
So will the king my father thee reward.
Come lets away, and guard me to the court,

Mu. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Se. When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,
Tis time as then, ſome ſay to looke about,
And ſo enſuing harmes to chooſe the leaſt:
But hard, yea hapleſſe is that wretcheſſe chaunce,
Luckleſſe his lot and caytiffe like a courſe,
At whoſe proceedings fortune euer frownes.
My ſelfe I meane moſt ſubiect vnto thrall,
For I the more I ſeeke to ſhun the worſt:
The more by proofe I find my ſelfe accurſt:
Ere whiles aſſaulted with an vgly beare,
Fayre *Amadine* in company all alone,
Forthwith by flight I thought to ſaue my ſelfe,
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her ſhifts:
For deare to it was, for to reſiſt the beare,

And death no leſſe of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accurſed I in lingring life thus long,
In lecuing thus each minute of an hower
Doth pierce my hart with dartes of thouſand deathes:
If ſhe by flight her fury doe eſcape,
What will ſhe thinke;
Will ſhe not ſay; yea flatly to my face,
Accuſing me of meere diſloyaltie,
A truſtie friend is tride time of neede:
But I when ſhe in danger was of death
And needed me, and cried *Segaſio* helpe:
I turned my backe and quickly ran away.
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath:
But what, what needes theſe plaintes
If *Amadine* do liue then happie I,
Shee will in time forgiue and ſo forget,
Amadine is mercifull, not *Iuno* like.
In harmful hart to harbor hatred long.

Enter Mouſe the Clowne running crying clubs.

Mouſe. Clubs, prongs, pitchforks, billes, O helpe, a beare, a beare, a beare.
Se. Still beares, and nothing elſe but beares.
Tell me ſirra wher ſhe is;
Clo. O ſir, ſhe is runne downe the woods:
I ſee her wite head and her white belly.
Se. Thou talkeſt of wonders, to tell me of white bears.
But ſirra didſt thou euer ſee any ſuch;
Clo. No faith I neuer ſawe any ſuch,
But I remember my fathers woordes, (beare
Hee bad mee take heede I was not caught with a white
Se. A lamentable tale no dout.

Clo. I tell you what ſir as I was going a fielde to ſerue my fathers greate horſe, & caried a bottly of hay vpon my head, now doe you ſee ſir, I faſt hudwincker, that I could ſee nothing, perceiuing the beare comming, I threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

Se. What from nothing;

Clo. I warrant you yes, I ſaw ſomething, for there was tow loade of thornes beſides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Se. But tell me ſirra, the beare that thou didſt ſee, Did ſhe not beare a bucket on her arme;

Clo. Ha ha, ha, I neuer ſaw beare goe a milking in all my life.

But hark you ſir, I did not looke ſo hie as her arme: I ſaw nothing but her whit head, and her whit belly.

Se. But tell me ſirra, where dooſt thou dwell;

Clo. Why, doe you not knowe mee?

Se. Why no, how ſhould I know thee.

Clo. Why then you know no bodie, and you knowe not mee? I tell you ſir I am the goodman ratſ ſon of the next pariſh ouer the hill.

Se. Goodman rats ſon why whats thy name,

Clo. why I am very neere kin vnto him.

Se. I thinke ſo, but whats thy name?

Clo. My name, I haue very pretie name Ile tel you what my name is: my name is *Mouſe*,

Se. vvhat plaine *Mouſe*.

Clo. I, plaine mouſe with out either welt or garde. But doe you heare ſir I am but a very young mouſe, For my taile is ſcarce growne out yet; looke you here els.

Se. But I pray thee, who gaue thee that name?

Clo. Fayth ſir I know not that, but if you would faine

know.

know, aske my fathers greate horſe, for he hath bin halfe a yeare longer with my father then I haue.

Se. This ſeemes to be a merrie fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me,
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde,
A merrie man, a merrie maſter makes:
How ſaiſt thou ſirra, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clo. Nay ſoft ſir, tow words to a bargaine, praie you what occupation are you?

Se. No occupation, I liue vpon my landes.

Clo. Your lands, a way, you are no maiſter for me, why doe you thinke that I am ſo mad, to go ſeke my liuing in the lands amongſt the ſtones, briars, and buſhes, and teare my holy day apparell, not I by your leaue.

Se. Why, I do not meane thou ſhalt.

Clo. How then?

Se. Why thou ſhalt be my man, and waite vpon me at the court.

Clo. Whats that?

Se. Where the King lies.

Clo. Whats that ſame King a man or woman?

Se. A man as thou arte.

Clo. As I am, hatke you ſir pray you what kin is he to good man king of our pariſh the church warden?

Se. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole land.

Clo. king of the land, I neuer ſee him.

Se. If thou wilt dwel with me, thou ſhallt ſee him euerie day.

Clo. ſhal I go home againe to be torne in peces with beares, no not I, I wil go home & put on a cleane ſhirt, and then goe drowne my ſelfe.

Se. Thou ſhallt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me, thou ſhalt want nothing.

Clo. Shal I not? then heares my hand, ile dwel with you, And harke you sir, now you haue entertained me, I wil tell you what I can doe, I can keepe my tongue from picking and stealing, and my handes from lying and slaundering, I warrant you, as wel as euer you had man in all your life.

Sc. Now will I to court with sorrowfull hart, rownded with doubts, if *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I: yea happie I if *Amadine* doe liue. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a young prince prisoner, Amadine with Collen and counsellers.

King Now braue Lords, our wars are brought to end,
Our foes the foile and we in safetie rest,
It vs behoues to vse such clemencie in peace
As valour in the warre.
It is as great honor to be bountifull at home,
As to be conquerers in the field.
Therefore my Lords the more to my content,
Your liking, and your countries safegarde,
We are disposde in marriage for to giue
Our daughter to Lord *Segasto* heare,
Who shall succeede the diadem after me:
And raigne heereafter as I tofore haue done
Your sole and lawfull King of Arragon:
What say you Lordings, like you of my aduise?

Col. And please your Maiesty, we doe not onely alowe of your highnesse pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may to further it.

King. Thankes good my Lords, if long *Adrastus* liue
Hee will at full requite your curtesies.
Tremelio in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take vnto thee the Catalone a prince,
Latelie our prisoner taken in the warres
Be thou his keeper, his ransome shall be thine,
Weele thinke of it when leasure shall afforde:
Meane while doe vse him well, his father is a King.
Tre. Thankes to your Maiestie, his vsage shalbe such,
As he therat shall thinke no cause to grutce.
Exeunt.

King Then march we on to court, and rest our wearied limmes
But *Collen*, I haue a tale in secret kept for thee:
When thou shalt heare a watch woord from thy king,
Thinke then some waightie matter is at hand
That highlie shall concerne our state,
Then *Collen* looke thou be not farre from me:
And for thy seruice thou to fore hast done,
Thy trueth and valour proude in euerie point,
I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore:
So guard vs to the courte.
Col. What so my soueraigne doth commaund me doe,
With willing mind I gladly yeeld consent *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto and the Clowne, with weapons about him

Se. Tel me sirra, how doe you like your weapons;
Clo. O verie wel, verie wel, they keep my sides warme.
Se. They keep the dogs form your shins very well doe they not;
Clo. How, keep the dogs from my shins, I would scorne but my shins should keep the dogs from them.
Se. Well sirra, leauing idle talke, tell me:
Dost thou know captaine *Tremelioes* chamber;
Clo. I verie well, it hath a doore
Se. I thinke so, for so hath euery chamber.
But dost thou know the man.

Clo. I forsooth he hath a nose on his face.

Se. Why so hath euery on.

Clo. Thats more then I know.

Se. But doest thou remember the captaine, that was heere with the king euen now, that brought the yong prince prisoner?

Clo. O verie well.

Se. Go vnto him and bid him come to me,
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him,

Clo. I wil master, master whats his name?

Se. Why captaine *Tremelio*.

Clo. O the meale man, I knowe him verie well,
He brings meale euery saturday: but harke you master
must I bid him come to you or must you come to him

Se. No sir, he must come to me.

Clo. Harke you master, how if he be not at home.
What shall I doe then?

Se. Why then leaust worde with some of his folkes.

Clo. Oh maister, if there be no bodie within,
I will leaue word with his dog.

Se. Why can his dog speake;

Clo. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber els.

Se. To keepe out such knaues as thou art.

Clo. Nay be ladie then go your selfe.

Se. You will go sir, wil ye not.

Clo. Yes marrie will I, O tis come to my head,
And a be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Se. What wilt thou plucke down the Kings house?

Clo. Nay be ladie ile knowe the price of it first.
Master it is such a hard name, I haue forgotten it a-
gaine I praie you tell me his name,

Se. I tell thee captaine *Tremelio*.

Clo. Oh captaine treble knaue, captaine treble knaue

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now ſirra, dooſt thou call mee?
Clo. You muſt come to my maiſter captain treble knaue
Tre. My Lord *Segaſto.* did you ſend for mee.
Se. I did *Tremelio*, ſirra about your buſineſſe.
Clo. I marry, whats that can you tell?
Se. No not well.
Clo. Marrie then I can, ſtraight to the kitchen dreſſer, to Iohn the cooke, and get me a good peece of beefe and brewis; and then to the buttery hatch to Thomas the butler, for a iacke of beare, and there for an houre ile ſo be labour my ſelfe, therefore I pray you cal me not till you thinke I haue done, I pray you good mayſter.
Se. Well ſir away.
Tremelio this it is, thou knoweſt the valour of *Segaſto*
Spred through all the kingdome of Arragon,
And ſuch as hath found triumph and fauours,
Neuer daunted at any tyme, but now a ſhepherd,
Admired at in court for worthyneſſe.
And *Segaſtoes* honour layd a ſide.
My wil therefore is this, that thou doſt find ſom meanes to worke the ſhepheardes death, I know thy ſtreng h ſufficient to performe my deſire, & thy loue no other wiſe then to reuenge my iniuries.
Tre. It is not the frownes of a ſhepheard that *Tremelio* feares.
Therefore account it accompliſhed, what I take in hane
Se. Thankes good *Tremelio*, and aſſure thy ſelfe,
What I promiſe that will I performe.
Tre. Thankes my good Lord, and in good time
See where he commeth, ſtand by a while.
And you ſhall ſee me put in practiſe your intented, drifts.

Haue at thee ſwaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Mu. Vild coward, ſo without cauſe to ſtrike a man.
Turne coward turne, now ſtrike and doe thy woorſt.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Se. Hould ſhepheard hould, ſpare him, kill him not,
ccurſed villaine, tell me what haſt thou done.
Ah *Tremelio*, truſtie *Tremelio*, I ſorrow for thy death,
And ſince that thou liuing, didſt prooue faithfull to
Segaſto, ſo *Segaſto* now liuing ſhall honoure the dead
corpes of *Tremlio* with reuenge.
Bloud thriſty villaine, borne and bredde to mercileſſe
murther,
Tell me how durſt thou be ſo bold.
As once to lay thy hands vpon the leaſt of mine.
Aſſure thy ſelfe, thou ſhalt be vſd according to the law.
Mu. Segaſto ceaſe, theſe threats are needleſſe
Accuſe not me of murther, that haue done nothing
but in mine owne defence.
Se. Nay ſhepheard reaſon not with me.
Ile manifeſt thy fact vnto the King:
Whoſe doome will be thy death as thou deſeruſt,
What hoe, Mouſe come away.
Clo. Why how now, vvhats the matter.
I thought you would be calling before I had done.
Se. Come helpe away with my friend.
Clo. Why is he drunke, cannot he ſtand on his feet.
Se. No, he is not drunke, he is ſlaine.

Clo.

Bert-
Thread a court
kills capt.
A war - Herod
Thread exile
Princess goes to meet him, is caught by wild man
He joins them with Brenda, not knowing who he is,
but disguised as a hermit
Eventually kills Brenda
And the villain repents
The play ending on a note of forgiveness & reconciliation

Clo. Flaine, no by Ladie he is not flaine.

Se. Hees kild I tell thee.

Clo. What, doe you vſe to kil your friends. I will ſerue you no longer.

Se. I tell thee the ſhepheard kild him.

Clo. O did a ſo, but maſter, I will haue al his apparel if I carry him away.

Se. Why ſo thou ſhalt.

Clo. Come then I will healpe, mas maſter I thinke his mother ſong looby to him he is ſo heauie.

Exeunt.

Mu. behold the fickle ſtate of man, alwaies mutable, neuer at one.
Somtimes we feed on fancies with the ſweete of our deſires.
Somtimes againe vve feele the heat of extreame miſeric.
Novv am I infauour about the court and countrie.
To morrovv thoſe fauours vvill turne to frovvnes,
To daie I liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrovv I die, my foe reuenged on me,

Exeunt.

Enter Bremo a wild man.

Bre. No paſſengers this morning, vvhat not one.
A chance that ſeldome doth befall.
What not one, then lie thou there,
And reſt thyſelfe til I haue further neede:
Novv Bremo ſith thy leaſure ſo affords.
An endleſſe thing, vvho knovves not Bremoes ſtrength
Who like a king commander vvithin theſe vvoods,
The beare, the boare, dares not abide my ſight,

But haſtes away to ſaue themſelues by flight:
The chriſtall waters in the bubbling brookes,
When I come by doth ſwiftly ſlide away,
And claps themſelues in cloſets vnder bankes,
Afraide to looke bold *Bremo* in the face:
The aged okes at *Bremoes* breath doe bowe,
And all things els are ſtill at my commaund,
Els What would I?
Rent them in peeces and plucke them from the earth,
And each waie els I would reuenge my ſelfe,
Why who comes heere with whome I dare not fight,
Who fights with me & doth not die the death, not on:
What fauour ſhewes this ſturdie ſticke to thoſe,
That heere within theſe woods are combataines with me?
Why death and nothing elſe but preſent death,
With reſtleſſe rage I wander through theſe woods,
No creature heere but feeleth *Bremoes* force,
Man, woman, child, beaſt and bird,
And euery thing that doth approch my ſight,
Are forſt to fall if *Bremo* once but frowne,
Come cudgel come, my partner in my ſpoiles,
For heere I ſee this daie it will not be,
But when it falles that I encounter anie,
One pat ſuffiſed for to worke my wil,
What comes not one? then lets begon,
A time vvill ſerue vvhen vve ſhall better ſpeed.

Exit.

Enter the King, Segaſto, the Shepheard and the Clowne with others.

King. *Shephard*, thou haſt heard thine accuſers,
Murther is laid to thy charge,

What

What canst thou say, thou hast deserued death,
Mu. Dread soueraigne, I must needes confesse,
I slewe this captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice but by chance,
But mine accuser hath a further meaning.
Se. woords will not heere preuaile,
I seek for iustice, & iustice craues his death.
King. *Shepheard* thine owne confession hath condemned thee.
Sirra take him away, & doe him to execution straight.
Clo. So hee shall I warrant him, but doe you heare maister King, he is kin to a monkie, his necke is bigger then is head.
Se. Com sirra away with him, and hang him about the middle.
Clo. Yes forsooth I warrant you, come on sir, a so like a sheepe biter a lookes.

Enter Amadine and a boie with a beares head

Ama. Dread soueraigne and welbeloued sire.
On bended kees I craue the life of this condemned shepheard, which heertofore preserued the life of thy sometime distressed daughter.
K. preserued the life of my somtime distressed daughter
How can that be, I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou wast distrest, I neuer knew the daie
But that I haue maintained thy state,
As best beseemd the daughter of a king
I neuer saw the shepheard vntil now,
Hovv comes it then that he preserud thy life?
Ama. Once vvalkeing vvith *Segasto* in the woods,
Further then our accustomed maner vvas,

Right before vs downe a ſteepe fal hill,
A monſtrous vgly beare doth hie him faſt
To meete vs both, now whether this bee trewe,
I referre it to the cerdit of *Segaſto*.
Se. Moſt trew and like your maieſtie.
King. How then?
Ama. The beare being eager to obtaine his praie,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to ſwallow vs both at once,
The ſight whereof did make vs both to dread,
But ſpeciallie your daughter *Amadine*,
Who for I ſaw no ſuccour incident
But in *Segaſtoes* valour, I grew deſperate,
And he moſt cowardlike began to fly.
Left me diſtreſt to be deuourd of him,
How ſay you *Segaſto* is it not true?
K. His ſilence verifies it to be true, what then,
Ama. Then I amaſde diſtreſſed all alone,
Did hie me faſt to ſcape that vglie beare,
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft eſcape his pawes,
Till at the length this ſhepheard came,
And brought to me his head.
Come hither boy, loe heere it is, which I preſent vnto your maieſtie.
Ki. The ſlaughter of this beare deſerues great fame.
Se. The ſlaughter of a man deſerues greate blame.
King. Indeed occaſion oftentimes ſo falles out.
Se. Tremelio in the wars, *O King* preſerued thee, (me.
Ama. The ſhepheard in the woods o king preſerued
S. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld.
Ama. So would the ſhepheard had he bin in field
Clo. So would my maiſter, had he not run away.

Se.

So *Tremelioes* force ſaued thouſands from the foe.

Ama. The ſhepheards force haue ſaued thouſand, more.

Clo. Aye ſhipſtickes, nothing elſe.

King. *Segaſto* ceaſe to accuſe the ſhepheard,
His woorthyneſſe deſerues a recompence,
All we are bound to doe the ſhepheard good:)die,
Shepheard, whereas it was my ſentence, thou ſhouldſt
So ſhall my ſentence ſtand, for thou ſhalt die.

Se. Thankes to your maiſtie.

King. But ſoft *Segaſto*, not for this offence,
Long maiſt thou liue, and when the ſiſters ſhal decree
To cut in twaine the twiſted thread of life,
Then let him die, for this I ſet thee free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.

Mu. Thankes to your maieſtie.

King. Come daughter let vs now departe, to honour the worthy valour of the ſhepheard with our rewards.

Exeunt.

Clo. O mayſter heare you, you haue made a freſhe hand now you would be ſlowe you, why what will you doe nowe? you haue loſt me a good occupation by the meanes, Faith maiſter now I cannot hang the ſhepheard, I pray you let me take the paines to hang you, it is but halfe an houres exerciſe.

Se. You are ſtill in your knauery, but ſith I cannot haue his life I will procure his baniſhment for euer. Come on ſirra.

Clo. Yes forſooth I come laugh at him I pray you.

Exeunt

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Mu. From *Amadine* and from her fathers court,
With gold and ſiluer and vvith rich revvardes,

Flowing from the bankes of golden treſuries,
More may I boaſt and ſay but I,
Was neuer ſhepheard in ſuch dignitie.

Enter the meſſengers and the clowne.

Meſſ. All hayle worthy ſhepheard.

Clo. All rayne lowſie ſhepheard.

Mu. Welcome my frindes, from whence come you;

Meſſ. The *King* and *Amadine* greetes thee well,
And after greetings done, bids thee depart the court,
ſhepheard begon.

Clo. Shepheard take lawe legs, flye away ſhepheard

Mu. Whoſe woordes are theſe? came theſe from *Amadine*?

Meſſ. Aye from *Amadine*.

Clo. Aye from *Amadine*.

Mu. Ah luckeleſſe fortune worſe then *Phaetons* tale,
My former bleſſe is now become my bale.

Clo. What wilt thou poyſon thy ſelfe?

Mu. My former heauen is now become my hell.

Clo. The worſt ale houſe that I euer came in, in al my life.

Mu. What ſhall I doe,

Clo. Euen goe hang thy ſelfe halfe an nower.

Mu. Can *Amadine* ſo churliſhly commaund.
To baniſh the ſhepheard from her Fathers court?

Meſſ. What ſhould ſhepheardes doe in the court.

Clo. What ſhould ſhepheardes doe amongſt vs, haue we not Lordes inough on vs in the courte?

Mu. Why ſhepheardes are men, and kinges are no more.

Meſſ. Shepheardes are men and maiſters ouer their flocke

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Clo. Thats a lie who payes them their wages then?

Mes. Well you are alwayes interrupting of me,
But you are best looke to him least you hang for him
when he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne sings.

Clo. And you shall hang for companie,
For leauing me alone.
Shepheard stand foorth and heare thy sentence,
Shepheard begone within three dayes in payne of,
My displeasure, shepheard begon, shepheard begon,
begon, begon, begon, shepheard, shepheard, shepheard
Exit.

Mu. And must I goe, and must I needs depart?
Ye goodly groues partakers of my songes?
In tyme tofore when fortune did not frowne,
Powre foorth your plaints and waile a while with me
And thou bright sunne my comfort in the cold,
Hide, hide thy face and leaue me comfortlesse,
Ye holsome herbes, and sweete smelling sauours,
Ye each thing els prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted course,
That I wanting your aide, in woefull sort may die,

Enter Amadine.

Amat. Arinea, if any body aske for mee,
Make some excuse till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call?

Ama. Do thou the like to him, I mean not to stay long.

Mu. This voyce so sweet my pining spirites reuiues.

Ama. Shepheard, wel met, tel me how thou doest.

Mu. I linger life yet wish for speedy death.

Ama. Shepheard, although thy banishment already be

decreed.and all agaynſt thy will,yet *Amadine*.

Mu. Ah *Amadine*,to heare of baniſhment is death,
I double death to me,but ſince I muſt depart,one thing
I craue.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Mu. That in abſence either farre or neere.
You honoor me as ſeruant with your name.

Ama. Not ſo.

Mu. And vvhy?

Ama. I honour thee as ſoueraigne with my heart.

Mu. A ſhepheard and a ſoueraigne nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough where there is no diſlike.

Mu. Yet great diſlike or els no baniſhment.

Ama. Shepheard,it is onely *Segaſto* that procures thy
baniſhment.

Mu. Vnworthy wightes are moſt in ieloſie.

Ama. Would God they would free the from baniſh-
ment,or likewiſe baniſh mee.

Mu. Amen ſay I,to haue your companie.

Ama. Well ſhepheard, ſith thou ſuffereſt this for my
ſake,with thee in exile alſo let me liue.
On this conditſon ſhepheard thou canſt loue.

Mu. No longer loue no longer let me liue:

Ama. Of lat I loued one indeed,now loue I none but
onely thee.

Mu. Thankes worthie princes I borne likewiſe,
Yet ſmother vp the blaſt,
I dare not promiſe what I may performe,

Ama. Well ſhepheard,harke what I ſhall ſay,
I will returne vnto my Fathers court.
Therefore to prouide me of ſuch neſceſſaries,
As for our iourney I ſhall thinke moſt fit,
This being done I will returne to thee,

Doe

Doe thou therefore appoint the place where we may meete.

Mu. Downe in the valley where I ſlue the beare,
And there doth grow a faire broade branched beach,
That ouer ſhades a well, ſo who comes firſt
Let them abid the happie meeting of vs both.
How like you this?

Ama. I like it very wel.

Mu. Now if you pleaſe you may appoint the time,

Ama. Full three hours hence God willing, I will returne.

Mu. The thankes that *paris* gaue the grecian queene the like doth Mucedorus yeeld.

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for threee howres farewell.

Exit

Mu. Your departure ladie breedes a priuie paine.

Exit.

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Se. Tis well *Segaſto* that thou haſt thy will,
Should ſuch a ſhhephard, ſuch a ſimple ſwaine
As he, eclips thy credite famous through the court.
No ply *Segaſto* ply, let it not in Arragon be ſaide,
A ſhephard hath *Segatoes* honour wonne.

Enter Mouſe the clowne calling his maiſter

Clo. What hoe maiſter will you come away? (ter?

Se. Will you come hither I pray you, what's the mat-

Clo. Why, is it not paſt aleauen a clock.

Se. How then ſir.

Clo. I pray you com away to dinner.

Se. I pray you come hither.

Clo. Heres ſuch a doe with you, wil you neuer come.

Se. I pray you ſir what newes of the meſſage I ſente you about,

Clo. I tell you all the meſſes be on the table alreadie,

There wants not ſo much as a meſſe of muſtard halfe an novver agoe.

Se. Come ſir, your minde is all vpon your belly. You haue forgotten vvhat I did bid you doe,

Clo. Faith I knovve nothing, but you bad me goe to breakefaſt.

Se. Was that all;

Clo. Faith I haue forgotten it, the verie ſent of the meate made me hath forget it quite.

Se. You haue forgotten the arrant I bid you doe.

Clo. What arrant, an arrant knaue, or arrant vvhore;

Se. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee baniſh the ſhepheard.

Clo. O the ſhephards baſtard.

Se. I tell thee the ſhepheardes baniſhment.

Clo. I tel you the ſhepheards baſtard ſhalbe vvel kept ile looke to it my ſelfe elſe, but I pray you come avvay to dinner.

Se. Then you vvil not tell me vvhether you haue baniſhed him or noe.

Clo. Why I cannot ſay baniſhment and you vvould giue me a thouſand pounds to ſay ſo,

Se. Why you horſon ſlaue, haue you forgotten, that I ſent you, and another to driue avvay the ſhephard.

Clo. What, an aſſe are you. heers a ſturre in deede heeres meſſage, arrant, baniſhment, and I cannot tell what.

Se. I pray you ſir, ſhall I knovv vvhether you haue droue him avvay.

Clo. Faith I thinke I haue, and you vvill not beleeue me aske my ſtafe.

Se. Why can thy ſtaffe tell.

Clo. Why he vvas vvith me to.

Se.

Se. Then happie I that haue obtaind my will.

Clo. And happier I, if you would goe to dinner.

Se. Come sirra, follow me:

Clo. I warrant you I will not loose an inch of you now you are going to dinner, I promise you I thought seauen yeare before I could get him away.

Exeunt.

Enter Amadine sola,

Ama. God grant my long delaie procures no harme
Nor this my tarrin g frustrate my pretence,
My *Mucedorus* surelie staies for me,
And thinks me ouer long, at length I come
My present promise to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnfained loue,
What is it which true loue dares not tempt
My fat' er he may make but I must match,
Segasto loues, but *Amadine* must like,
Where likes her best, compulsion is a thrall,
No, no, the heartie choise is all in all,
The shephards vertue *Amadine* esteemes.
But what me thinks my shephard is not come?
I muse at that, the hower is sure at hande,
Well here ile rest till *Mucedorus* come.

Shee sits her downe.

Enter Bremo looking about, hastily taketh hould of her.

Bremo. A hapie pray, now *Bremo* feede on flesh,
Dainties *Bremo* dainties thy hungry panch to fill,
Now glut thy greedie guts with luke warme blood,
Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.

Ama. How can she fight that weapons cannot weeld?

Bre. What canst not fight? then lie thou downe and die.

Ama. What must I die?

Bre. What needes these words. I thirst to sucke thy
Ama. Yet pittie me and let me liue a while. (bloud
Bre. No pittie I, ile feed vpon thy flesh,
Ile teare thy bodie peecemeale ioynt from ioynt.
Ama. Ah now I want my shephards company.
Bre. ile crush thy bones betwixt tow oken trees.
Ama, Hast shephard hast or else thon com st to lat.
Bre. ile sucke the sweetnes from thy marie bones.
Ama. Ah spare ah spare to shed my guiltlesse blood
Bre. With this my bat will I beate out thy braines
Down, down I say, prostrate thy selfe vpon the ground
Ama, Then *Mucedorus* farevvel. my hoped ioies farevvel.
Yea farevvell life, and vvelcome present death,
She kneeles.
To thee O God I yeeld my dying ghost.
Bre. Novv *Bremo* play thy part,
Hovv novv vvhat sudden chaunce is this.
My limmes do tremble and my sinevves shake
My vnvveakned armes haue lost their former force:
Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*, vvhat a foyle hast thou,
That yet at no time euer vvast afraide
To dare the greatest gods to fight vvith thee, *he strikes*
And novv vvant strength for one dovvne driuing blovv
Ah hovv my courage failes vvhen I should strike,
Some newe come spirit abiding in my breast,
Shall I spare her *Bremo*, spare her, do not kill,
Say th spare her which neuer spared any?
To it *Bremo* to it, say againe,
I cannot weeld my weapons in my hand,
Me thinkes I should not strik so faire a one,
I thinke her beawtie hath bewitcht my force
Or else with in me altered natures course,
ay woman, wilt thou liue in woods with me;
Ama, Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in woodes,
Bre

Bre. Thou ſhalt not chuſe, it ſhalbe as I ſay & therefore follow me. *Exit.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Mu. It was my wil an hower a goe and more,
As was my promiſe for to make returne,
But other buſines hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee when man appoints,
And purpoſelie one certaine thing decrees
How manie things may hinder his intent.
What once would wiſh the ſame is fartheſt off:
But yet thappoynted time cannot be paſt,
Nor hath her preſence yet preuented wee,
Well heere ile ſtaie, and expect her comming.

They crie within, hould him, ſtaie him, holde him.

Mu. Some one or other is purſued no doubt
Perhaps ſome ſearch for me, tis good to doubt the worſt, therefore ile begone. *Exit.*

Crie within hold him, hold him, Enter Mouſe the Clowne with a pot.

Clo. Hold him, hold him hold him, heers a ſtur in deed
Heere came hewe after the crier, and I was ſet cloſe
At mother Nips houſe, and there I calde for three
Pots of ale, as tis the manner of vs courtiers, now ſirra,
I had taken the maiden head of tow of them.
Now as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came hold him, hold him, now I coulde not tell whome to catch hold on, but I am ſure I caught one perchance a maie be in this pot, well ile ſee, mas I cannot ſee him yet, well ile looke a little further, mas he is a little ſlaue if a be heere, why heers no bodie, al this goes well yet: but if the olde trot ſhoulde come for her pot, I marrie theres the matter but I care not, ile face her out, and cal her ould ruſtie duſtie muſtie fuſtie cruſtie firebran, and worſe then al that, and ſo face her

out of her pot: but ſofte heere ſhe comes.

Enter the ould woman.

Old wo. Come on you knawe wheres my pot you knaue?

Clo. Goe looke your pot, come not to me for your pot twere good for you.

Old. Thou lieſt thou knaue thou haſt my pot (ſay

Clo. You lie and you ſay it, I your pot, I know what ile

Old. Why what wilt thou ſay.

Clo. But ſay I haue him and thou darſte,

Olde: VVhy thou knaue. thou haſt not onelie my pot but my drinke vnpaide for.

Clo. You lie like an old I will not ſay whore.

Old, doſt thou cal me whore, ile cap thee my for pot.

Clo. Cap me & thou dareſt, ſearce me whether I haue it or no.

Shee ſearcheth him, and he drinketh ouer her head and caſts downe the pot, ſhe ſtumbleth at it, then they fal together by the eares, ſhe takes her pot and goes out. Exit.

Enter Segaſto

Se. How now ſirra, whats the matter,

Clo. Oh flies maiſter flies.

Se. Flies where are they?

Clo. Oh heere maiſter, all about your face.

Se. Why thou lieſt I think thou are mad. leaſt

Clo. Why maiſter, I haue kild a duncart ful at the

Se. Go to ſirra, leauing this idel talke giue eare to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my eares? not & you were ten maiſters.

Se. Why ſir I bid you giue eare to my wordes,

Clo I tell you I will no be made a curtall for no mans pleaſure

Se. I tell thee attend what I ſay goe thy waies ſtraight and reare the whole towne. *Clo.*

Clo. How reare the towne euen goe your ſelfe, it is more then I can doe, why do'e you thinke I can reare a towne, that can ſcarſe reare a pot of ale to my heade? I ſhould reare a towne ſhould I not;

Se. Go to the cunſtable and make a priuie ſearch, for the ſhephard is runne away with the Kings daughter.

Clo. How? is the ſhepheard run away with the kings daughter. or is the kings daughter runne away with the ſhepheard.

Se. I cannot tell, but they are both gon together

Clo. What a foole is ſhe to runne away with the ſhepheard, why I thinke I am a litle hanſomer man then the ſhepheard my ſelfe, but tel me maiſter, muſt I make a priuie ſearch, or ſearch in the priuie;

Se. why doſt thou thinke they will be there;

Clo. I cannot tell.

Se. Well then ſearch euerie where, leaue no place vnſearched for them. *Exit.*

Col. Oh now am I in office, uow wil I to that old fitbrads houſe & wil not leaue one place vnſearched, nay ile to her ale ſtand & drink as long as I can ſtand, & when I haue done ile let out al the reſt; to ſe if he be not hid in the barrel, & I find him not there, ile to the cubord. ile not leaue one corner of her houſe vnſearched, yo faith ye old cruſt I wilbe with you now. *Exit.*

Enter Mucedorus to diſguiſe himſelfe.

Mu. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe,
Home to thy father to thy natiue ſoile,
Or trie ſome long abode within theſe woods;
Well I will hence depart and hie me home,
What hie me home ſaid I? that may not be.
In *Amadine* reſts my felicitie

Then

Then *Mucedorus* do as thou didſt decree,
Attire thee hermite like, within theſe grouees,
Walke often to the beach and view the well.
Make ſettles there and ſeate thy ſelfe thereon,
And when thou feeleſt thy ſelfe to be a thriſt,
Then drinke a heartie draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt ſhe thinkes on thee,
And wil one day come pleg thee at this well:
Come habit thou art fit for me, *he diſguiſeth himſelfe:*
No ſhepheard now, a hermit I muſt be:
Me thinkes this fits me verie well,
Now muſt I learne to beare a walking ſtaffe,
And exerciſe ſome grauitie withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heers throw the wods, and throw the wods, to looke out a ſhepheard & a ſtray kings daugter, but ſofte who haue we heere, what art thou?

Mu. I am an hermit.

Clo. An emmet, I neuer ſaw ſuch big emmet in all my life before.

Mu. I tel you ſir I am an hermit, one that leads a ſolitarie life within theſe woods.

Clo. O I know the now, thou art her that eates vp al the hips and hawes, we could not haue one peece of fat bacon for thee al this yeare.

Mu. Thou doſt miſtake me, but I pray thee tell mee what doſt thou ſeeke in theſe wood?

Clo. What doe I ſeeke, for a ſtray Kings daughter runne away with a ſhephard: (heaarde.

Mu. A ſtray Kings daughter runne away with a ſhep-Wherefore canſt thou tell?

Clo. Yes that I can, tis this, my maiſter and *Amadins* walking one day abrod, neerer to theſe woods then they were vſed, about what I can not tell, but towarde

them

them comes running a greate beare, now my maister he plaide the man and runne away, & *Amadine* crying after him: now sir comes me a shepheard & strikes off the beares head, now whether the bear were dead before or no I cannot tell for bring twentie beasts before me and binde their hands & feete and ile kil them all now euer since *Amadine* hath bin in loue with the shepheard, and for good wil shees euen runne away with the shiepheard.

Mu. What manner of man was a, canst describe him vnto mee;

Clo. Scrib him, aye I warrant you that I can, a was a littel, low, broad, tall, narrow, big wel fauoured fellow, a ierkin of whit cloath, and buttons of the same cloath.

Mu. Thou discribest him wel, but if I chaunce to see any such, pray you wher shall I find you, or what's your name.

Clo. My name is called maister mouse.

Mu. Oh maister mouse, I pray you what office might you beare in the court?

Clo. Marry sir I am a rusher of the stable.

Mu. O vsher of the table.

Clo. Nay I say rusher and ile proove mine office good, for looke sir when any coms from vnder the sea or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backewarde, then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day, and strawe rushes presently, therefore I am a rusher, a hie office I promise ye.

Mu. But where shall I find you in the Courte?

Clo. Why where it is best being, either in the kitching a eating or in the butterie drinking: but if you come I will prouide for thee a peece of beefe & brewis knockle deepe in fat, pray you take paines remember maister mouse. *Exit.*

Wil. Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine*, what should become of the.
whither shouldst thou go so long vnknowne.
with watch and warde eche passage is beset,
So that she cannot long escape vnknowne:
Doubtlesse she hath lost her selfe within these woods
And wandring too and fro she seekes the vvell, (out
Which yet she cannot finde, therefore vvill I seek hers,

Exit.

Enter Bremo and Amadine,

Bre. *Amadine*, hovv like you *Bremo* & his vvoodes?
Ama. As like the vvoods of *Bremoes* crueltie,
Though I vvere dombe and could not answver him,
The beastes themselues would with relenting teares
Bewaile thy sauage and vnhumaine deedes.
Bre. My loue, why dost thou murmur to thy selfe?
Speake lowder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.
Ama. My *Bremo*, no the shepheard is my loue.
Bre. Haue I not saued thee from sudden death,
Giuing thee leaue to liue that thou mightst loue?
And dost thou whet me on to crueltie,
Come kisse me swete for all my fauours past.
Am. I may not *Bremo* and therefore pardon me.
Bre. See how shee flings away from me;
I will follow and giue a rend to her,
Denie my loue, ah worme of beautie (block
I wil chastice thee: com, com, prepare thy head vpon the
Ama. Oh spare me *Bremo* loue should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of him selfe
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,
Encounter with the lion or the beare,
And alike wolfe pray not vpon a lambe.
Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me thou shalt be my queene,

I will

I will crowne thee with a complet made of Iuorie,
And make the roſe and lilly wait on thee,
Ile rend the burley braunches from the oke,
To ſhadow thee from buring ſunne,
The trees ſhall ſpred themſelues where thou doſt go,
And as they ſpread, ile trace along with thee,
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre: Thou ſhalt bee fed with quailes and partridges
With blacke birds, larkes, thruſhes and nightingales.
Thy drinke ſhall bee goates milke and chriſtal water,
Diſtilled from the fountaines & the cleareſt ſprings,
And all the dainties that the woods afforde.
Ile freely giue thee to obtaine thy loue.
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. The day ile ſpend to recreate my loue,
With all the pleaſures that I can deuiſe,
And in the night ile be thy bedfellow,
And louingly embrace thee in mine armes.
Ama. One may, ſo may not you. (the
Bre. The ſatyres & the woodnimphs ſhal attend on
And lull thee a ſleepe with muſickes ſounde,
And in the morning when thou doſt awake
The lark ſhall ſing good morne to my queene,
And whilſt he ſinges ile kiſſe my *Amadine*,
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Br. When thou art vp, the wood lanes ſhalbe ſtrawed
With violets, cowſlips and ſwete marigolds,
For thee to trampel and to trace vpon,
And I will teach thee how to kill the deare,
To chaſe the hart and how to rowſe the roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour mee,
Ama. You may for who but you?
Enter Mucedorus.
Bre. Welcom ſir, an howre ago I lookt for ſuch a geſt

Be merrie wench, weele haue a frollike feast,
Heeres flesh inough for to suffise vs both,
Staie sirra, wilt thou fight or dost thou yeel to die?
Mu. I want a weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou wants a weapon, why then thou yeelst to die.
Mu. I say not so, I doe not yeeld to die.
Bre: Thou shalt not choose, I long to see thee dead
Ama: Yet spare him *Bremo* spare him
Bre: A way, I say, I will not spare him.
Mu. Yet giue me leaue to speake.
Bre, Thou shalt not speake,
Ama. Yet giue him leaue to speake for my sake.
Bre: Speake on, but be not ouer long.
Mu: In time of yore when men like brutish beasts
Did lead their liues in loathsom celles and woodes
And wholy gaue themselues to witlesse will,
A rude vnruly rout, then man to man became
A present praie, then might preuailed,
The weakst went to walles,
Right was vnknowen, for wrong was all in all,
As men thus liued in his great outrage,
Behould one *Orpheus* came as poets tell,
And them from rudenes vnto reason brought,
Who led by reason son some forsooke the woods,
Instaede of caues they built them castles strong,
Cities and townes were founded by them then,
Glad were they, they found such ease,
And in the end they grew to perfect amitie
Waying their former wickednesse,
They tearmd the time wherein they liued then
A golden age, a goodly golden age.
Now Bremo, for so I heare thee called.

If men which liued tofore as thou doſt now,
Wilie in wood, addicted all to ſpoile,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes,
Let me like *Orpheus* cauſe thee to returne
From murder, bloudſhed and like cruelties,
What ſhould we fight befor we haue a cauſe
No, lets liue and loue together faithfully.
Ile fight for thee.

Bre, Fight forme or die, or fight or els thou dieſt.

Ama. hold *Bremo* hold,

Bre, Away I ſay, thou troubleſt mee,

Ama. You promiſed me to make me your queenne.

Bre. I did, I meane no leſſ.

Ama. You promiſed that I ſhould haue my wil,

Bre., I did I meane no leſſe. (both:

Amy. Then ſaue this hermits life, for he may ſaue vs

B. At thy requeſt ile ſpare him, but neuer any after him
Say hermit what canſt thou doe?

Mu. Ile waite on thee, ſomtime vpon the queene, ſuch ſeruice ſhalt thou ſhortly haue as Bremo neuer had. *Exunt*

Enter Segaſto, the Clowne and Rumbelo.

Se. Come ſirs what ſhall I neuer haue you finde out *Amadine* and the ſhepheard)

Clo. And I haue bin through the woods, and through the woods, and could ſee nothing but an emet.

R. Why I ſee thouſand emets, thou meaneſt a little one,

Clo. Nay that emet that I ſaw was bigger then thou art

R. Bigger then I what a foole haue you to your man, I pray you maiſter turne him away?

Se. But doſt thou heare, was he not a man.

Clo. thinke he was, for he ſaide he did lead a ſalt-ſeller life about the woods.

Se. Thou wouldeſt ſay a ſolitarie life about the woods

Clo. I thinke it was ſo indeed.

R. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clo. Thou art a wiſe man, why he did nothing but ſleepe ſince he went

Se. But tell me Mouſe, how did he goe;

Clo. In a whit gowne and a whit hat on his head, and a ſtaffe in his hande.

Se. I thought ſo, it was a hermit that walked a ſolitarie life in the woods.

Se. Well, get you to dinner, and after neuer leaue ſeeking til you bring ſome newes of them, or ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clo. How now Rombelo, what ſhall we do now;

R. Faith ile home to dinner, and afterwarde to ſleep.

Clo. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

R. Faith I care not, for I know I ſhal neuer finde them wel ile once more abroad, & if I cannot find them, ile neuer come home againe.

Clo. I tel thee what Rombelo, thou ſhalt go in at one end of the wood and I at the other, and wee wil meete both together at the midſt.

R. Content, lets awaie to dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Mu: Vnknowne to any heere within theſe woods
With bloodie Bremo do I lead my life,
The monſter he doth murther all he meets,
He ſpareth none and none doth him eſcape,
Who would continue, vvho but onely I
In ſuch a cruell cutthroates company.
Yet *Amadine* is there hovv can I chooſe:
Ah ſillie ſoule hovv often times ſhe ſits

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And ſighes, and cals come ſhepheard come,
Svveete *Mucedorus*, come and ſet me free,
When *Mucedorus* peſent ſtandes her by:
But here ſhe comes, vvhat nevves faire Ladie as you
vvalke.theſe vvoods.

Enter Amadine. vveſt.

Ama. Ah hermit, none but bad & ſuch as thou kno-
Mu. Hovv doe you like your *Bremo* and his vvoods;
Ama. Not my *Bremo* nor his *Bremo* vvoods;
Mu. And vvhy, not yours, me thinks he loues you vvel
Ama. I like him not, his loue to me is nothing vvroth
Mu. Ladie, in this me thinkes you offer vvrong,
To hate the man that euer loues you beſt.
Ama. Ah hermit, I take no, pleaſure in his loue,
Neither yet doth *Bremo* like me beſt.
Mu. pardon my boldnes faire ladie, ſith vve both
May ſafely talke novv out of *Bremos* ſight,
Vnfould to me if ſo you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe
Hovv, vvhen and vvhy you came into theſe vvoods,
And fell into this blodie burchers hands. (you
Ama. Hermit I vvil, of late a vvorthie ſhepheard I did
loue.
Mu. A ſhephard lady, ſure a man vnfit to match vvith
Ama, Hermit this is true, and vvhen vve had.
Mu. , Staie there, the vvild men comes
Referre the reſt vntill another time.

Enter Bremo. (heere;

What ſecret tale is this, vvhat vvhiſpering haue vvee
Villaine I charge the tell thy tale againe,
Mu. I needes I muſt, loe here it is againe,
When as vve both had loſt the ſight of thee
It greeud vs both, but ſpecially thy queene,
Who in thy abſence euer feares the vvorſt,
Leaſt ſome miſehance befal your royrll grace.

Shall my ſweete Bremo wander through the woods.
Toile to and fro for to redreſſe my want,
Hazard his life and all to cheriſhe me,
I like not this quoth ſhe.
And thereupon craude to know of me
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My aunſwerh was I had ſmall skill therein,
But gladmoſt mightie king to learne of thee.
And this was all.

Bre. Whaſt ſo, none can diſlike of this,
Ile teach you both to fight, but firſt my queene begin,
Here take this weapon, ſee how thou canſt vſe it.

Ama. This is to big, I cannot weeld it in my arme.

Bre. Iſt ſo, weele haue a knotty crabtree ſtaffe for thee:
But ſirra tell me, what ſaiſt thou.

Mu. With all my heart I willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my ſtafe & ſee how canſt weeld it.

Mu. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bre, Thou houldeſt it well, looke how he doth thou maiſt the ſooner learne.

Mu. Next tell me how and when tis beſt to ſtrike.

Bre. Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerue, tis beſt to looſe no time.

Mu. Then now or neuer is my time to ſtrike.

Bre. And vvhen thou ſtrikeſt, be ſure thou hit the head

Mu. The head,

Bre. The verie heade. *he ſtrikes him downe deade*

Mu. Then haue at thine, ſo lie there and die,
A death no dout acording to deſert.
Or elſe a vvorſe as thou deſerueſt a vvorſe.

Ama. It glads my heart this tirants death to ſee.

Mu. Now vvladie it remaines in you to end the tale you latelie had begunne, being enterrupted by this vvicked vvight. You.

You said you loued a shepheard,
Ama. I so I doe, and none but only him.
And will do still as long as life shall last
Mu. But tell me ladie, sith I set you free,
What course of life do you intend to take?
Ama. I will disguised wander through the world
Til I haue found him out,
Mu, How if you find your shephard in these woods:
Ama. Ah none so happie then as *Amadine.*
He disguiseth himselfe.
Mu. In tract of time a man may alter much,
Say Ladie doe you know your shepheard well?
Ama, My *Mucedorus* hath he set me free?
Mucedorus he hath set thee free.
Ama. And liued so long vnknowne to *Amadine.*
Mu. Ay thats a question where of you may not
be resolued,
You know that I am banisht from the court,
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape vnknowne,
Therefore my will is this, that we returne
Right throught the thickets to the wild mans caue:
And there a while liue on his prouision,
Vntil the search and narrow watch be past.
This is my counsel, and I thinke it best.
Ama I thinke the verie same.
Mu. Come lets begone.
The Clowne searches and fals ouer the
wild man and so carry him away.
Clo. Nay soft sir are you heere. abots on you,
I was like to behanged for not finding you,
We would borrow a certaine stray kings daughter of
you, a wench, a wence sir, we would haue.
Mu. A wench of me ile make thee eate my sword.

Clo. Oh Lord, nay and you are ſo luſtie Ile cal a cooling card for you, ho maiſter, maiſter come away quick lie.

Enter Segaſto.

Se. Whats the matter;

Cl. Looke maiſter, *Amadine* & the ſhepheard, oh braue

Se. What minion, haue I found you out;

Clo. Nay thats alie, I found her out my ſelfe.

Se. Thou gadding huſwife, what cauſe hadſt thou to gad abroade,

When as thou knoweſt our wedding day ſo nie?

Ama. Not ſo *Segaſto*, no ſuch thing in hand,

Shew your aſſurance, then ile anſwere you.

Se. Thy fathers promiſe my aſſurance is.

Ama. But what he promiſt he hath not performde.

Se. It reſts in thee for to performe the ſame.

Ama. Not I.

Se. And why;

Ama. So is my will and therefore euen ſo.

Clo. Maiſter with a none, none noe.

Se. A wicked villant art thou here?

Mu. What needes theſe wordes we way them not?

Se. We way them not proud ſhepheard, I skorne thy companie.

Clo. Weele not haue a corner of thy companie.

Mu. I ſcorne not thee, nor yet the leaſt of thine.

Clo. Thats a lie, a would haue kild me with his pugs nondo.

Se. This ſtoutneſſe *Amadine* contents me not.

Ama. Then ſeeke an other that may you better pleaſe

Mu. Well *Amadine*, it onelie reſts in thee

Without delay to make thy choiſe of three,

There ſtands *Segaſto*, here a ſhepheard ſtands,

There ſtands the third, now make thy choiſe,

Clo.

Clo. A Lord at the leaſt I am.

Am. My choiſe is made, for I will none but thee.

Se, A worthy mate no doubt for ſuch a wife.

Mu. And *Amadine*, why wilt thou none but me?
I cannot keepe thee as thy father did,
I haue no landes for to maintaine thy ſtate.
Moreouer if thou meane to be my wife,
Commonly this muſt be thy vſe,
To bed at midnight, vp at fowre,
Drudge all daie and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our dailie vittel for to winne:
And laſt of all which is the worſt of all,
No princes then but plaine a ſhepheards wife.

Clo. Then god ge you god morrow goody ſhepheard

Ama. It ſhall not neede if *Amadine* do liue,
Thou ſhalt be crowned king of *Arragon*,

Clo. Oh maiſter laugh, when hees King then ile be a queene.

Mu. Then know that which nere to fore was known
I am no ſhepheard, no Arragonian I,
But borne of Royall blood, my fathers of Valentia
King, my mother qneene, who for thy ſecret ſake
Tooke this hard task in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy my fortune is ſo good,

Se. Well now I ſee, *Segaſto* ſhall not ſpeede
But *Mucedorus*, I as much do ioy
To ſee thee here within our Court of Arragon,
As if a kingdome had befalne me this time,
I with my heart ſurrender it to thee.

He giueth her vnto him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Col. What barnes doore and borne where my fathe[r]

Was cunſtable. a bots on thee, how doſt thee.

Mu, Thanks *Segaſto*, but yet you leueld at the crowne.

Clo. Maiſter beare this and beare all.

Se. Why ſo ſir.

Clo. He ſees ſees you take a gooſe by the crowne.

Se. Go to ſir, away, poſt you to the king,
Whoſe hart is fraught with carefull doubts,
Glad him vp and tell him theſe good newes,
And we will follow as faſt as we may.

Clo, I goe maiſter, I runne maiſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collen

K. Break heart and end my paled woes,
My amadine the comfort of my life,
How can I ioy except ſhe were in ſight.
Her abſence breedes ſorrow to my ſoule
And with a thunder breakes my heart in twaine.

Clo: Forbeare thoſe paſſions gentle King,
And you ſhall ſee twill turne vnto the beſt,
And bring your ſoule to quiet and to ioie.

K. Such ioie as death, I do aſſure me that,
And naught but death, vnleſſe of her I heare,
And that with ſpeede, I cannot ſigh thus long
But what a tumult doe I heare within.

The crie within ioie and happineſſe.

Clo. I heare a noyſe of ouer-paſſing ioie
Within the court, my Lord be of good comfort.
And heere comes one in haſt,

Enter the Clowne running.

Clo: A King, a King, a King.

Col. Why how now ſirra, whats the matter?

Clo. O tis newes for a king 'tis vvoorth money.

King

K. Why ſirra, thou ſhalt haue ſiluer and gold if it bee good.

Clo. O tis good, tis good, *Amadine.*

K. Oh what of her, tell me? & I will make thee a knight

Clo. How a ſpirit? no by ladie, I will not be a ſpirit, Maiſters get ye away, if I be a ſpirrit, I ſhall be ſo leane I ſhall make you all afraide.

Cob. Thou ſot, the King meanes to make thee a gentleman.

Clo. Why I ſhall want parrell.

King. Thou ſhalt want for nothing.

Clo. Then ſtand away, trick vp thy ſelfe, heere they come.

Enter Segaſto Mucedorus and Amadins.

Ama. My gratious father pardon thy diſloyal daughter

K. What do mine eies be hould my daughter *Amadine* Riſe vp dere daughter & let theſe my embraſing armes Shew ſome token of thy father ioie, Which euer ſince thy departure hath lauguiſhed in ſorrow:

Mu. Deare father, neuer were your ſorrows Greater then my griefes, Neuer you ſo deloate as I comfortleſſe, Yet neuertheleſſe acknowledging my ſelfe To be the cauſe of both, on bended knees I humblie craue your pardon.

King. ile pardon thee deare daughter: but as for him.

Ama. Ah father what of him,

King Aſſure as I am a king, and weare the crowne, I will reuenge on that accurſed wretch.

Mu. Yet worthy prince worke not thy will in wrath ſhew fauour.

K. I, ſuch fauour as thou deſerueſt.
Mu. I do deſerue the daughter of a king.
K. Oh impudent, a ſhepheard and ſo inſolent.
Mu. No ſhepheard I, but a worthy prince.
King. In farre conceit, not princelie borne.
Mu. Yes princely borne my father is a king.
My mother Queene, and of Valentia both.
K. What *Mucedorus*, welcome to our court,
What cauſe hadſt thou to come to me diſguiſde?
Mu. No cauſe to feare, I cauſed no offence,
But this deſiring thy daughters vertues for to ſee
Diſguiſed my ſelfe from out my fathers court,
Vnknowen to any in ſecret I did reſt,
And paſſed many troubles neere to death.
So hath your daughter my partaker bin,
As you ſhall know hereafter more at large,
Deſiring you, you will giue her to mee,
Euen as mine owne and ſoueraigne of my life
Then ſhall I thinke my trauels are wel ſpent.
King. With all my heart: but this.
Segaſto claimes my promiſe made to fore,
That he ſhould haue her as his onely wife,
Before my counſel when we came from war
Segaſto, may I craue thee let it paſſe.
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*;
Se. With all my heart, were it far a greater thing,
And what I may to furniſh vp there rites,
With pleaſing ſports and paſtimes you ſhall ſee.
King. Thankes good *Segaſto*, I will thinke of this.
Mu. Thankes good my Lord, & while I liue
Account of me in what I can or maie.
Ama. And good *Segaſto* theſe great curteſies
Shall not be forgot.
Clo. Why harke you maiſter, bones what haue you (done?

What

What giuen away the wench you made me take such paines for, you are wise indeed, mas and I had knowne of that I would haue had her my selfe. faith master now wee maie goe to breakefast with a woodcoke pie,

Se. Goe sir you were best leaue this knauerie-

K. Come on my Lordes, lets now to court
Where we may finish vp the ioyfullest daie
That euer hapt to a distressed King,
With mirth and ioy and greate solemnitie,
Weele finish vp these hymens rightes most pleasant lie,

Clo. Hoe Lordes at the first, I am one to, but heare maister King by your leaue a cast, now you haue done with them, I praie you begin with me.

K. Why what wouldst thou haue;

Clo. O you forgot now, a little apparell to makes handsome what should Lordes goe so beggerlie as I do?

K. What I did promise thee, I will performe, attende on mee, come lets depart.

They all speake.

Weele waite on you with all our hearts.

Clo. And with a peece of my liuer to.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedie and Enuie.

Comedie. How now *Enuie*, what blushest thou all readie,
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with a courage praise a womans deeds,
Thy threates were vaine, thou couldst doe me no hurt
Although thou seemest to crosse me with despite,

Iouerwhelmde, and turnde vpside downe thy block e
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same.
En. Though stumbled yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildenesse,
Yet must I needes confesse thou hast don well,
And plaide thy part with merth and pleasant glee:
Saie all this, yet canst thou not conquer mee,
Although this time thou hast got yet not the conquest
neither.
A double reuenge another time ile haue:
Co. Then caitife cursed, stoope vpon thy knee,
Yeelde to a woman, though not to mee,
And pray we both togither with our hearts,
That she thrice Nestors yeares may with vs rest,
And from her foes high God defend her still,
That they against her may neuer wooke thir will.
En. Enuie were he neuer so stoute
Would becke and bowe vnto her maiestie,
Indeede *Comedie* thou hast ouerrunne me now,
And forst me stoope vn to a womans swaie.
God grant her grace amongest vs long may raigne,
And those that would not haue it soe,
Would that by enuie soone their heartes they might
forgoe.
Co. The Counsell, Noble, and this Realme,
Lord guide it stil with thy most holy hand,
The Commons and the subiectes grant them grace,
Their prince to serue, her to obey, & treason to deface:
Long maie she raine, in ioy and greate felicitie,
Each Christian heart do saie amen with me,
Exeunt.

FINIS.

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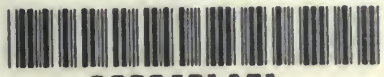

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